

EXTRA

ALL THE LATEST NEWS

JOHN L.'S "JAG."

Sullivan, the Mighty, on a Big Spree.

Laid on His Back by a Boston Wrestler.

Sleeping It Off in a Room Over Billy Mahoney's Saloon.

His Good Resolutions Broken and His Backers Amazed.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

Boston, Mass., Jan. 16.—John L. Sullivan, citizen of Boston, champion pugilist of the world, challenger of Jake Kilrain to battle for the title supremacy of the world, lies dead drunk in a sleeping-room over Billy Mahoney's Lagrange street saloon this afternoon.

All the good resolutions which the once mighty pugilist has made to his backers and friends have gone up in smoke, or, more properly speaking, been gulped down in whiskey.

John broke loose yesterday. Ever since his rally from the sickness which almost got the better of him he has tasted no intoxicating liquor. His only salvation lay in his abstinence from drinking. He knew it, his friends knew it, and what is more, agreed to back him against Kilrain on the sole condition that he would keep straight.

He began yesterday afternoon early to drink, and at 4 o'clock was in M. T. Clarke's place on Washington street, with a beautiful "jag" on. His admirers were thunder-struck.

Again and again they beseeched him to quit, but the taste for liquor had got the mastery, and John continued to drink.

He went about from place to place, followed by a crowd of loafers, who crowded about him at every opportunity. A few of his intimate friends, hearing of the "break," the champion had made, hired a hack and drove to Clarke's place, where John was found leaning up against the bar in a dilapidated condition.

One of the sports who was present, whose reputation as a local wrestler is away up in the nine's, was singled out by John as a proper subject upon whom to lay a few of the moves which are to annihilate Mr. Kilrain when the latter faces the Boston boy in the ring next July.

The wrestler was only too willing to serve as a help to John, and soon the two were wrestling in the shop. John was gritty but groggy. The wrestler was gritty and not groggy.

"I'll bet you the drinks I can throw you," says John.

"I'll go you," replied the wrestler, and the fun began.

Lo and behold, in a jiffy the king of the prize-ring lay on the flat of his back, with the local wrestler on top.

And thus the drunk continued all night. This afternoon he slumbered under Billy Mahoney's care.

Though kindly disposed towards the famous pugilist, THE EVENING WORLD correspondent must present the news to the sporting fraternity.

Jack Barnitt, who knows Sullivan as well as any man in the country, laughed at the despatch when it was shown him by an EVENING WORLD reporter. He said: "Why, this can't be true. I left John at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and he was as sober as a man could be. He was drinking nothing intoxicating. My friend, Mr. Cusack, received a telegram from Sullivan about 2 o'clock this afternoon asking him to meet me at the office of the Illustrated News. If he was dead drunk how could he have sent this telegram? You can put it down that I do not believe the story has any foundation in fact."

Mr. Barnitt expressed himself as morally sure that Sullivan had not touched a drop of liquor since his sickness.

It looked to him as if it was a story circulated simply to injure John's prospects in a benefit which is to be tendered him in this city.

SEEING MITCHELL OFF.

Kilrain Followed by a Crowd that Cheered for Sullivan.

Charley Mitchell, the English pugilist, called for his home in England at 3 o'clock

this afternoon on the Britannic, of the White Star line.

A good many of his friends were at the boat to see him off, among them Jake Kilrain, who left the bedside of his mother, in Baltimore, to shake his friend's hand and wish him a safe voyage.

Consistent among the rest who wished Charley well were Dominick McCaffrey, Billy Edwards, Billy O'Brien, Frank Stevenson, Johnny Reagan, W. E. Harding and Archie Blair.

It had been announced in the papers that Mitchell would sail at the time mentioned, and a crowd of over two hundred men and women gathered to see him off.

He arrived at the pier an hour before the time advertised for the vessel to start.

As soon as it was known that Kilrain was on board the steamer the interest of the crowd on the pier ran high, and the men pressed around the gangplank to see Jake leave the vessel.

When he did leave he and Frank Stevenson had a hard time of it in forcing their way through the crowd to the back end of the pier, where they and their friends waved their adieus to Mitchell, who swung his handkerchief in return from the hurricane deck.

As soon as the Britannic was backed out into the stream Kilrain started for the street, and the crowd followed him to a saloon at Christopher and West streets.

An occasional shout for Sullivan was taken up, and such remarks as "I can kick him myself" were heard in loud tones, but there was no serious demonstration.

Kilrain, Stevenson and Harding left the saloon by a side entrance and took a carriage for the Pennsylvania depot in Jersey City, where Kilrain boarded a train shortly after 4 o'clock for Baltimore.

Mitchell did not have much to say to-day. He declares firmly that he will return to the first week in March to train Kilrain and to make his home here.

Kilrain was only in the city two or three hours, and did not call on Richard K. Fox.

HE SCARED ST. LOUIS COURTESANS.

"The Zer," an imitator of "Jack the Ripper," ran down by the Police.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 16.—Since New Year's Day the courtesans of this city have been frightened by a letter-writer who signed himself "The Zer."

These communications have been received by nearly all the notorious women of the town, and at least fifty of them have fallen into the hands of the police.

In the letters the women were threatened with swift judgment from "on high," and the writer intimated that if the women addressed did not reform he would give them a little of "Jack the Ripper's" methods.

The courtesans have been in a state of frenzy, and every day has seen some of their number beseeching the Chief of Police to run down "The Zer."

After a long hunt the Chief has finally succeeded in arresting a religious crank named William Brennan and a woman who was associated with him. There is no doubt whatever that Brennan is "The Zer."

LEW BROWN, THE BALL-PLAYER, DEAD.

As Honest a Man as Ever Graced the Great National Game.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
Boston, Jan. 16.—Lewis J. Brown, for five years one of the great catchers of the League, died this noon at the City Hospital.

Brown was recently injured in a friendly scuffle.

He first came into public notice as catcher for the Boston Stars, a crack amateur club of fifteen years ago. He was then discovered by the famous players who were members of the team.

In 1875 Brown caught for the Lowell Club, playing with the Boston team from 1876 till 1878, when he was engaged by the Providence club, and played in the Chicago, Detroit and Boston Unions up to 1879.

During the five years he was a member of the League he played in 352 championship games, with a batting average of .239, ranking 35 among heavy players.

He was one of the old players who went through the trying years of the game, and came out with a record for honesty as clean as any man that ever played the game for money.

YIELDED TO MAYOR GLEASON.

The Long Island Railroad at Last Tears Up Its Front Street Tracks.

The Long Island Railroad Company to-day yielded obedience to Mayor Gleason's order and put men to work tearing up the five remaining tracks which obstruct Front street.

The effect of this is to make a street that has heretofore been monopolized by the railroad for storing freight-cars a wide thoroughfare that is greatly needed in that portion of Hunter's Point.

SEVENTEEN CARS WRECKED.

A Coal Train Goes to Smash Near the Hooker Depot.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
HONOLULU, N. J., Jan. 16.—A coal train broke down, with passing here early this morning and seventeen of the cars went off the track and were wrecked near the station. Traffic is delayed and men are at work removing the wreckage and clearing the track.

NELLIE O'CONNOR'S MAYER.

Joseph Ford Pleads Guilty to Manslaughter in the First Degree.

DISS DEBAR RIVALLED.

Startling Story About Mr. Carroll and Priestess Stryker.

A Spirit Marriage, Birth and Christening in This One.

What the Alleged Victim Has to Say About It All.

He Denies that He Has Given the Woman Any Money.

Another wealthy and respected citizen of our city is said to be in the toils of a Spiritualistic medium who, if the story as published this morning is true, could double discount Ann O'Della Editha Lolita Montez and beat her.

The presumed victim in this case is Mr. George D. Carroll, junior member of the firm of Dempsey & Carroll, stationers and art bric-a-brac, at 36 East Fourteenth street.

Mrs. T. B. Stryker is the high priestess in connection with Mr. Carroll, and her operations, if as revealed this morning are true, the performances of the Diss Debar as wine is to water, the sun to the tallow dip.

According to the story Mrs. Stryker has got Mr. Carroll in her clutches, and has held him, it is alleged, for nearly five years.

Not, the story goes, by the ordinary spirit-rappings and slate-writings of the less daring and ingenious medium; not by the production of spirit paintings for his edification, but by a novel and striking innovation in the manifestations of mediumistic power.

She found his tender spot to be the loss of an only son, Clifford Carroll. She brought the father and son together, and in the course of her manifestations married the son to a darling little bride found by him in the spirit land.

MRS. CARROLL IN AN ASYLUM.
Mrs. Carroll is in the State Lunatic Asylum at Middletown, N. Y. She knew Mrs. Stryker, but did not like her. Mr. Carroll now boards with Mrs. Stryker in a flat at 987 Lexington avenue.

Mr. Carroll denies the story generally as told this morning, but will not enter into details in talking about it.

His partner, Mr. Dempsey, a very conservative man, refuses absolutely to discuss Mr. Carroll's private affairs.

Mrs. Stryker is in seclusion just now, while Mr. Carroll boldly admits: "I am a Spiritualist."

Following is the story in substance:

STOPPED HIM ON THE STREET.
Mr. Carroll is alleged to have first met his enchantress in what appeared to be the most accidental manner.

He was walking down Broadway one afternoon, his mind still full of brooding thoughts over the death of his beloved boy, when a delightfully charming young woman, beautiful of face but plainly attired, met and stopped him.

He was fifty years of age. She was only thirty. Hers was a plump figure, and gracefully rounded. Her cheeks were rich in pink and full. Her hair was dark and wavy. Her eyes were black, with long dark lashes and arched brows.

Raising an alabaster hand and half pointing, she said:
"I see the spirit of your son over your head. He is speaking to you. He calls you 'Pop,' and says: 'Pop, why don't you listen to me?'"

The woman had addressed him by his own name, and he was so startled that he was greatly interested. She told him that she was Mrs. Stryker, and invited him to visit her at her apartments in Brooklyn if he desired to commune with the spirit of his son.

HE WAS TRICKED BY AN INVESTIGATOR.
He was a Spiritualist, called an "investigator." This was directly in his line, and it is alleged he called on the mysterious young woman. He found her in rather shabby rooms on the upper floor of a small house not far distant from the store of Weisler & Abraham, in Brooklyn, where her husband was employed as a porter.

The Strykers had one child, and Mrs. Stryker had died as a consequence of the coquetry of those days with the luxurious atmosphere in which they have since moved.

This was early in 1884. Mr. Carroll's son, Clifford, had died at the age of twenty-eight, in December, 1883, and was interred at Woodlawn. The father had brooded constantly over the death of the son and talked constantly among his friends, including several Spiritualists, regarding his loss.

"Cliff" had always addressed his father as "Pop," and the boy's sayings were constantly quoted by his lamenting "Pop."

Mrs. Carroll began to visit Mrs. Stryker in Brooklyn, and besides frequent communications were received by "Pop" from "Cliff" by letter through the medium.

MRS. STRYKER COMES TO NEW YORK.
Mrs. Stryker soon left her shabby Brooklyn house and moved into apartments at 119 East Twenty-eighth street, this city, and her husband got employment in New York.

Mr. Carroll lived with his wife at Yonkers, but the neighbors say that he spent much of his time at the shrine of Mrs. Stryker, receiving communication from his spirit son. He had now become a full-fledged Spiritualist and was always one of the "circle" at Mrs. Stryker's Sunday morning receptions.

Late in 1884 Mrs. Stryker introduced the most daring and novel feature of her mediumship. The communications from Clifford had along been of the most cheerful order.

HAD HIS YACHT AND DOOR IN REVENGE.
He was as happy as a healthy young man could be. A penchant for yachting and hunting with dogs which Clifford had in life was being enjoyed for all it was worth among the stars.

A DEEP MYSTERY.

William Rinck Found on the Street With His Throat Cut.

He Left His Home to Draw Money from the Bank.

A Case Which So Far Baffles the Police.

The Victim Indicates by Signs That He Was Robbed and Cut.

The police of the East Fifty-first street station are endeavoring to unravel a mystery that at present seems as unfathomable as the depths of the ocean.

A man was found in front of 215 East Fifty-third street by Policeman McDermott at 2:30 o'clock this morning with his throat cut from ear to ear.

The man was weak and faint from loss of blood, and the officer led him to the station two blocks distant. There the man, with considerable difficulty, described himself as William Rinck, a German master, fifty-two years of age and living at 240 East Fifty-fifth street.

Rinck appeared quite dazed, and when the Sergeant questioned him he said that he had been knocked down by two men, who cut his throat and then robbed him of every cent he possessed.

He was unable to tell the time or locality where the attempted murder and robbery took place, and he insisted that he had a large sum of money with him.

He told the Sergeant that he had gone downtown to a bank with a clerk employed by Guggenheimer & Untermyer, lawyers at Fifty-fifth street and Third avenue.

Rinck was taken to Bellevue Hospital and his wounds dressed. At that time the physicians did not have much hope of saving his life.

An EVENING WORLD reporter investigated the case this morning, the police professing to know nothing beyond the facts above related.

At 240 East Fifty-fifth street the reporter found Mrs. Rinck. She is a neat-looking woman of perhaps thirty years, and her room was bright as a pin. Her eyes were red with weeping, and as she could speak very little English an interpreter had to be called in.

The reporter learned that at 10 o'clock yesterday morning Rinck announced his intention of going to Guggenheimer & Untermyer's office in order to get permission to draw some money. He had had no work since Christmas.

The present Mrs. Rinck is the painter's second wife. His first wife left Rinck some money, and they did not believe his story. He wished to draw any from the bank he should first inform the lawyers why and what he wanted the money for.

It was Rinck's intention yesterday morning to draw money enough to pay two months rent and to pay living expenses for that period. This would have amounted to about \$100.

He appeared to be cheerful and happy, and when he left the house his wife gave him a dollar. This was all the money he had. He left the house and was not seen again until found by the officer with the gash in his throat.

The lawyers explained that it was impossible for him to draw any money without their consent, and they did not believe his story. The neighborhood of 215 East Fifty-third street, where Rinck was found, was scoured thoroughly by the reporter, but no one had seen him.

Rinck's wife accompanied the reporter to Bellevue Hospital. The man is in Ward 30 and under the care of Dr. Phillips. His wounds were dressed at 4 o'clock, but the physicians did not put the man a second visit when the reporter called, although Rinck is in a precarious condition. He cannot speak and is only half conscious.

"Did you do this yourself?" inquired the reporter.
A faint shake of the head in the negative was the reply.

An affirmative shake indicated that he still stuck to his story. There was not a penny in his pockets when he was brought to the hospital.

Rinck was brought to the hospital by a man who conversed with a German patient who lay on a cot beside him. The latter said that Rinck told him that he had been struck on the head and that he could not remember.

Detective Caff is hard at work on the case and may clear up the mystery. Rinck is not a prisoner, as it is uncertain whether he is innocent or not.

The neighbors speak of him as a steady, kind man, and do not remember ever having seen him intoxicated. His recovery is doubtful.

AN "L" TICKET AGENT ROBBED.

Three Hundred Dollars Gone from His Trunk—A Boy Arrested.

Alexander Ross, an elevator boy employed at Denning's dry-goods house, Broadway and Tenth street, was held at the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning for stealing \$300 in gold from the trunk of Henry Fairfax Brown, a ticket agent of the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad at Reister street.

The robbery took place at a clerk's rooms, 220 West Twenty-fourth street, where Ross was calling last Sunday. The stolen money was all in twenty-dollar gold pieces. Ross was found to have changed a twenty-dollar piece at a Seventh avenue restaurant, and that led to his arrest.

KATIE CODY'S SAD FATE.

She Dies from a Self-Inflicted Operation—A Letter to "Dear Frank."

STANLEY'S LETTER

A Communication to Tippoo Tib Received in Brussels.

Dated Aug. 17 and Confirming the Arrival on the Aruwimi.

It States that Emin Bey Is Well Provided For.

And That He Declines to Desert His African Province.

(SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
BRUSSELS, Jan. 16.—The accompanying letter, under date Aug. 17, alleged to have been received from Henry M. Stanley, is published here, in London and elsewhere to-day.

The letter tends to confirm the report of Stanley's arrival on the Aruwimi. It states that Emin Bey is well situated. Sheikh Hamed, to whom this letter is addressed, is the great Arab slave-trader, Tippoo Tib.

BOMA OF BONALTA, Muretia, Aug. 17.
To Sheikh Hamed-Ben-Mahomed, from his good friend Henry M. Stanley.

Many salams to you. I hope you are in as good health as I am, and that you have remained in good health since I left the Congo. I have much to say to you, but hope I shall see you face to face many days.

A LONG JOURNEY.
I reached here this morning with 120 Wangwara, three soldiers and sixty-six natives belonging to Emin Pasha. It is now eighty-two days since I left Emin Pasha on the Nyanya. I only lost three men all the way. Two were drowned and the other decamped.

I found the white men who were looking for Emin Pasha quite well. The other white men, Cassin, is also well.

EMIN PASHA'S ABUNDANCE.
Emin Pasha has ivory in abundance, thousands of cattle and sheep, goats and fowls, and food of all kinds.

I found him a very good and kind man. He gave all our white and black men numbers of things. His liberality could not be excelled.

His soldiers blessed our black men for their kindness in coming so far to show them the way. Many of them were ready to follow me out of the country, but I asked them to stay quiet a few months that I might return and fetch the other men and goods I left at Yambunga.

PRAYERS FOR STRENGTH.
They prayed to God that he would give me strength to finish my work.

May their prayer be heard. And now, my friend, what are you going to do? We have gone the road twice over. We know where it is bad and where it is good, where there is plenty of food and where there is none, where all the camps are and where we shall sleep and rest.

WAITING FOR WORDS.
I am waiting to hear your words. If you go with me it is well. I leave it to you. I will stay here ten days and will then proceed slowly. I will move hence to Bigist and two hours' march from here, above this place, there are plenty of houses and plenty of food for the men.

Whatever you have to say to me my ears will be open with a good heart, as it has always been towards you.

HE WILL MOVE ON.
Therefore, if you come, come quickly, for on the eleventh morning from this I shall move on.

All my white men are well, but I left them all behind except my servant, William, who is with me. (Signed) HENRY M. STANLEY.

This letter reached Brussels last night. Others are on the way, but will not reach here for three months.

KHARTOUM IS THREATENED.

African Hostilities Transferred from Suakin—Derivishes Recalled.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)
LONDON, Jan. 16.—Highly important news has been received that Khartoum is threatened by an attack from the South, and that the Khalifa Abdullah has recalled the Derivishes from Suakin and Wady Halfa.

It is surmised that the Government here has been for some time acquainted with this state of affairs at Khartoum and hence felt it was safe to withdraw the British troops at Suakin.

"Lewis the Light" Sent to an Asylum.
Lewis the Light, who was committed for examination as to his sanity by Police Justice Welch yesterday, was to-day sent to the asylum by Judge Browne, of the City Court, Dr. Field, the expert, having certified that he was insane.

The crank's real name is Lewis Greenslade. His mania is on religion.

AWOMAN'S SCREAM

Saved John Welch from a Crowd of Lynchers.

New Hampshire "Regulators" Arrested at North Salem.

Nothing Like This Has Happened in the North for Years.

Profound Sensation Over the Arrests by the Pinkertons.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
LAWRENCE, Mass., Jan. 16.—Thirteen well-known residents of North Salem, a retired hamlet twelve miles from this city, over the New Hampshire line, were arrested at an early hour this morning by Pinkerton detectives and a posse of Rockingham County deputy sheriffs, charged with an assault upon John C. Welch, of that place, on the night of Dec. 26 last.

The prisoners constitute a large portion of a recently organized band of social "regulators," who, dissatisfied with the administration of justice, have taken into their own hands the duty of regulating the community according to their own ideas of right, regardless of the law and good order that has heretofore prevailed in the township.

It was 6 o'clock last night when Supt. John Cornish, of Pinkerton's Boston office, accompanied by Detective Hinde, Sheriff Moore and his deputy reached Lawrence.

They had spent the day in Exeter, where they had been closeted with District Attorney Emery, who, under the counsel of the Attorney-General, had taken measures to procure warrants for the men implicated in the affair by Pinkerton's civility.

It took all day for the warrants to be got ready, and at 5 o'clock they were placed in Sheriff Moore's hands to serve.

Lawrence had been decided upon as the place from which operations should be begun and it was agreed that after the city had quieted down the officers should drive over to North Salem and around the prisoners from their beds, thereby reducing the possibility of any escape.

Upon a later consultation in the Franklin Hotel, this city, it was discovered that under New Hampshire law the writ could not be served in the night, on which account the expedition was postponed until morning.

The party reached Salem, N. H., about 8 o'clock this morning, and found nine of the men wanted working in Woodbury's shoe shop. They were handcuffed without trouble and taken to Exeter, N. H., where they were held for examination.

The other starters were Banhope, Clay Pato, Ten Strike and Carrie C.

The officers, who were first away, and with Littlefield II. they made all the running, alternating in the lead until reaching the head of the stretch, when Mosher gave Futurity his head, and coming away, won by a length, half, Littlefield II. was second, half a length in front of Sir Rodrick.

Letting up to a second Futurity to win, 5 to 5 for a place, and even money on Littlefield II. for a place. Mutuels paid: Straight, \$11.15; for a place, \$4.50; Littlefield II. paid \$4.75.

THIRD RACE.
Purse \$250, of which \$50 to second; selling allowances: six and one-half furlongs. (Tribe) 1 Lady Archer, 101; (Delong) 2 Annie, 101; (Mosher) 3 Fiddlerhead, G. W. Boyden and No more were the other starters.

The race was won by Boyden and Annie alternating in the lead to the stone wall, where John Arkins and Lady Archer drew away, John Arkins being the victor, and Lady Archer five lengths in front of Annie.

Letting—8 to 5 against John Arkins to win, 5 to 1 on for a place, and even money against Barnum for the place. Mutuels paid: Straight, \$4.5